HUMOR IN A VARICOSE VEIN
THIS IS NO UP-AND-DOWN MAGAZINE! THIS IS A SIDEWAYS...
PANIC
NO. 5
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PANIC
PANIC
PANIC

THIS IS NO UP-AND-DOWN MAGAZINE! THIS IS A SIDEWAYS...
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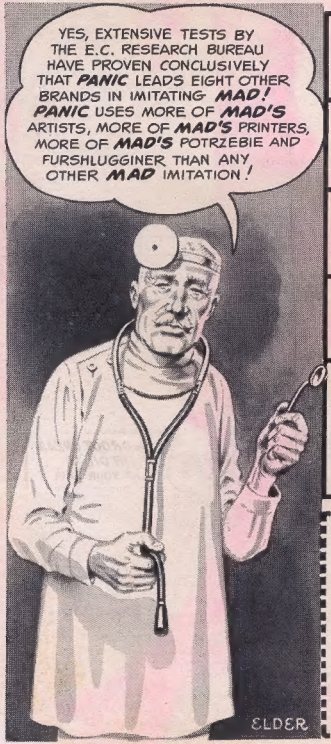
HUMOR IN A VARICOSE VEIN
PANIC PANIC PANIC PANIC PANIC PANIC
E.C.'S ANSWER TO CINERAMASCOPE WIDE-SCREEN-TYPE MOVIES!

PROOF... OF 8 BRANDS TESTED, PANIC IS BEST IMITATION OF MAD


YES, EXTENSIVE TESTS BY THE E.C. RESEARCH BUREAU HAVE PROVEN CONCLUSIVELY THAT PANIC LEADS EIGHT OTHER BRANDS IN IMITATING MAD! PANIC USES MORE OF MAD'S ARTISTS, MORE OF MAD'S PRINTERS, MORE OF MAD'S POTRZEBIE AND FURSHLUGGINER THAN ANY OTHER MAD IMITATION!
ELDER

SO CLIP THIS COUPON AND SEND AWAY FOR YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO... PANIC ☐

HOWEVER, IF YOU WANT THE REAL McCOY, SUBSCRIBE TO... MAD ☐

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NEW YORK 12, N.Y.

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CRIME DOES SO PAY... WHEN YOU DRAW A SYNDICATED STRIP ABOUT IT! DEPT. (AS LONG AS JUSTICE TRIUMPHS IN THE END, YOU CAN GET AS GORY WITH GRUESOME DETAILS AS YOU WANT! DIVISION): THIS INDESTRUCTIBLE CHARACTER HAS BEEN GRACING THE PAGES OF YOUR FAVORITE NEWSPAPER'S COLOR COMIC SECTION FOR YEARS NOW, TRACKING DOWN PUBLIC ENEMY AFTER PUBLIC ENEMY... ALL FREAKS! YOU MAY NOT RECOGNIZE HIM IF HE LOOKS SQUARE AT YOU, SO HE RARELY DOES! BUT ONE LOOK AT HIS ANGULAR SMIRKING PROFILE, AND YOU KNOW IT'S THE KING OF DETECTIVES...

TICK DRACY

BY JUSTFER GOLD 'Elder

SCENE: EARLY MORNING AT THE DRACY HOME...

HO-HUM! YAWNNNN! OH, HELLO! I'M MESS FALSE-HEART! AT LEAST I WAS! NOW, I'M MESS DRACY. I GOT MARRIED TO LAUGHING BOY DURING ONE OF OUR STRIP-ARTIST'S WEAKER MOMENTS...

NIGHT LAMP

WALL

CRUMBS

CRUMB

"BOMBA" "DUMB" BOY "JUNK" "COMMUNIST"

CRACKERS

DON'T CALL MR. GOLD A 'STRIP-ARTIST,' MESS! PEOPLE WILL GET THE WRONG IMPRESSION! REMEMBER! I AM A CLEAN-LIVING, STALWART DEFENDER OF LAW AND ORDER. I HUNT DOWN UGLY, FREAKISH-LOOKING CROOKS AND BRING THEM TO JUSTICE. THEY NEVER ESCAPE! I ALWAYS GET 'EM! ONLY THING IS, NORMAL-LOOKING CRIMINALS ARE GETTING AWAY WITH MURDER!

?

MAKE-UP KIT

MAKE-UP KIT!

WHY, TICK, DARLING! YOU'RE UP AND DRESSED ALREADY! AND YOU'VE GOT ON THAT ATROCIOUS BLACK SUIT AGAIN! MUST YOU ALWAYS WEAR THAT ATROCIOUS BLACK SUIT?

IT'S EASY TO DRAW!

GASH OH CHEEK

FIXING TIE

THROAT-CUTTING NOTES AND COIN

PANEL BORDER

YOU KNOW, TICK, I'VE NEVER SEEN THE TOP OF YOUR HEAD! MUST YOU ALWAYS WEAR THAT HAT?

WHO'D RECOGNIZE ME IF I DIDN'T? BESIDES... IT KEEPS MY HAIR IN PLACE!

SCISSORS

COIN

YOU COULD USE WILDROOT CREAM HAIR OIL TO KEEP YOUR HAIR IN PLACE... LIKE FEARFUL FUZDICK DOES!

WILD ROOT CREAM OIL

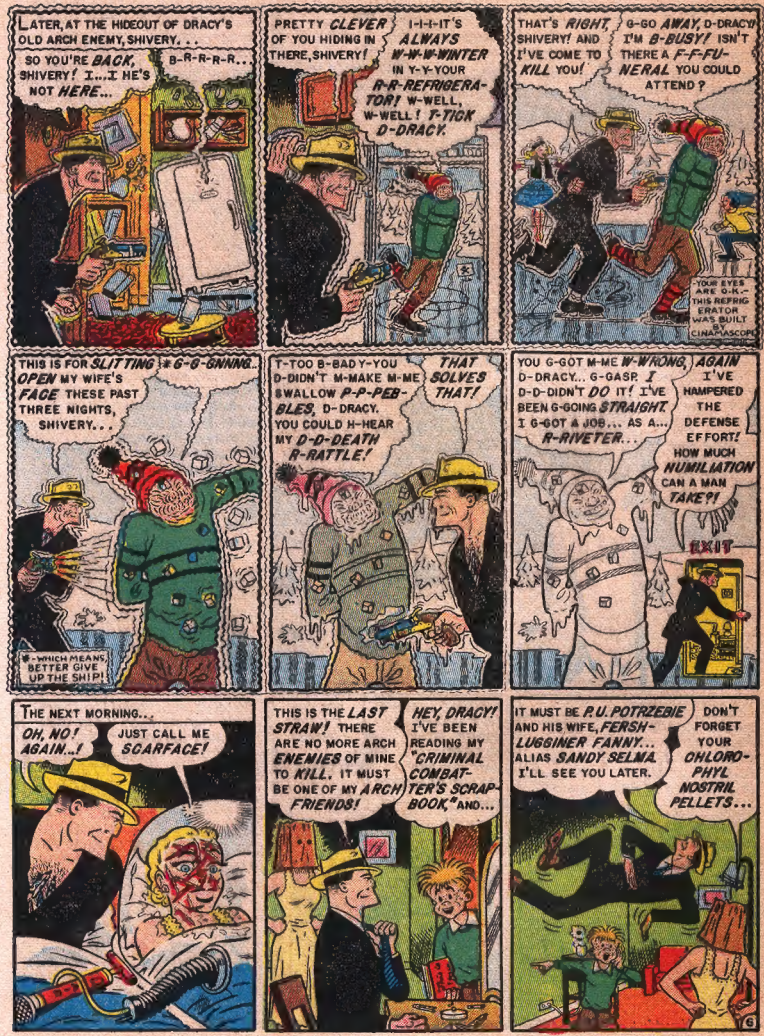
1

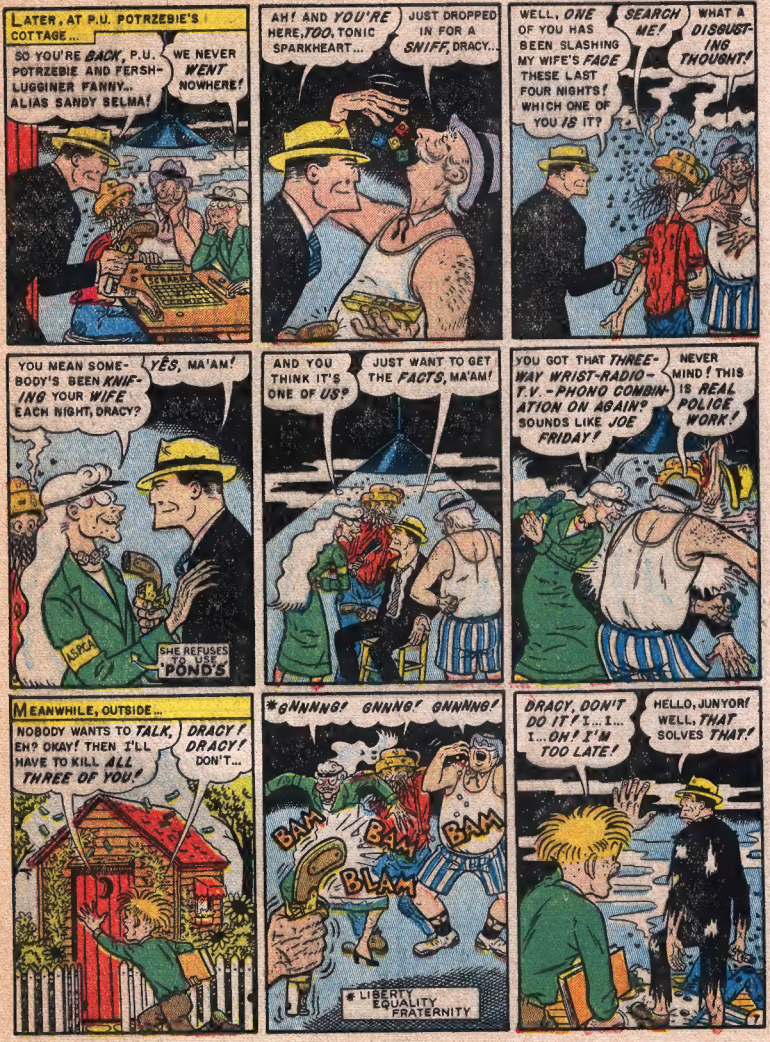
OH, I'M SORRY, TICK! I DIDN'T MEAN TO MENTION HIS NAME! DON'T CRY!
HOW MUCH HUMILIATION CAN ONE MAN TAKE!?
COURTESY OF DOROTHY & DICK.
THE LEAST YOU COULD DO IS LOOK LIKE YOU'RE CRYING WHEN YOU'RE CRYING... INSTEAD OF GRINNING INSIPIDLY LIKE THAT!
IF I CHANGED MY EXPRESSION, WHO'D RECOGNIZE ME?! BESIDES... I... I...
STOOL PIGEON
FOREVERMORE!
DIBOR
MESS! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOUR FACE!
IT'S AMAZING HOW HE CAN YELL LIKE THAT WITHOUT EVEN OPENING HIS MOUTH, ISN'T IT?
MRS. DRACY'S GOWN BY BESSIE OF THE BRONX.
MY FACE?! WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY FACE?
YOU HAVE A NASTY GASH ACROSS YOUR CHEEK EXPOSING RAW FLESH AND CONGEALED BLOOD.
DOM DA DOM DOM
JUNYOR, WILL YOU CUT THAT OUT!
IT WASN'T ME, DRACY! YOU'VE GOT "DRAGNET" TUNED IN ON YOUR THREE-WAY WRIST-RADIO-T.V.-PHONO COMBINATION...
OH, GOODY! I ALWAYS WANTED TO HEAR THAT SHOW. QUIET, EVERYBODY! THIS IS REAL POLICE WORK!
THIS IS THE CITY! MISERABLE-LOOKING! AIN'T IT? NOT HALF AS MISERABLE-LOOKING AS ME! I'M A COP!
1-WAY STREET
3-WAY WRIST RADIO
4-WAY COLD TABLETS
HAIR GROWN VERY LONG ON TOP-BECAUSE DRACY ALWAYS TOOK HAIRCUTS WITH HAT ON!
WHAT ABOUT MY FACE?!
DOM DA DOM DOM
HEY, FRIDAY! YOU SHOULD WEAR A BLACK SUIT LIKE DRACY! THEN YOU WOULDN'T BE MISERABLE-LOOKING! YOU CAN'T SEE WRINKLES AND CREASES IN A BLACK SUIT!
BESIDES... IT'S EASY TO DRAW!
2

I SAID, "WHAT ABOUT MY GASHED FACE?!"
PUT A MAGNIFYING GLASS ON IT, DRACY. THAT'S ALWAYS AN EFFECTIVE SPACE-WASTING EASY-TO-DRAW PANEL!
GOOD IDEA, JUNYOR!
OOOOOH! HOW GORY CAN YOU GET!?
SAN FRANCISCO
NEW YORK
YOU THINK THAT'S GORY!? YOU SHOULD READ FEARFUL FUZDICK!
DID YOU HAVE TO GO AND MENTION HIM AGAIN!? HOW MUCH HUMILIATION CAN ONE MAN TAKE?!
OH, CAN THE HYSTERICS AND GET BACK TO MY FACE! WHO DID IT? AND WHY?
OBVIOUSLY, ONE OF MY OLD ENEMIES IS BACK IN TOWN SEEKING REVENGE!
BREAK THE BANK
BUT WHY PICK ON A POOR DEFENSELESS WOMAN?
WELL, SOMEBODY'S GOTTA GET WORKED ON! WHO SHOULD IT BE? ME?!
GEE, WHERE HAVE I HEARD THAT BEFORE?
I WILL FLIP ON MY FOUR-WAY HEARING-AID AND CONTACT PIT PITTER AT HEADQUARTERS AND CHECK ON WHO'S IN TOWN!
HELLO, HEADQUARTERS! COME IN, HEADQUARTERS! THIS IS DRACY CALLING HEAD...
I'M NEW JERSEY CALLS. 83-BELOW 3-1524
FROM JOHN DOE'S DESK
DOM DA-DOM DOM
POPULAR PROGRAM, AIN'T IT?
THIS WAS A "WHAT IF?" PRODUCTION!
SORRY, DRACY. WE WERE LISTENING TO IT AT HEADQUARTERS. BOY, THAT'S REAL POLICE WORK! ER...WHAT'S UP?
MESS WAS KNIFED LAST NIGHT BY AN UNKNOWN ASSAILANT, PIT. WHICH OF MY OLD ENEMIES IS IN TOWN?
VISE SQUAD.
3

RAISIN PUSS IS IN TOWN! THAT'S WHO IT WAS. I'M GOING TO GET HIM! SEE YOU LATER!
DON'T FORGET YOUR RING CANNON AND YOUR BULLET-PROOF EAR-MUFFS, TICK...
WHILE YOU'RE GONE, I'LL STUDY MY "CRIMINAL-COMBATTERS SCRAP-BOOK," DRACY!
-AND AWAY WE GO!
This is your Death!
LATER, AT THE HIDEOUT OF DRACY'S OLD ARCH ENEMY, RAISIN PUSS...
SO, YOU'RE BACK, RAISIN PUSS! SEEDY-LOOKING AS EVER!
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
RAISIN CAKE MIX
RAISIN BREAD
RAISIN' KANE
RAISIN FLIPS
I'VE COME TO KILL YOU, RAISIN PUSS!
SO WHAT'S SO FUNNY ABOUT THAT!?
RAISIN PUSS ALAIS PRUNE PUSS FURROW FACE ALAIS BABY FACE?
I'M NOT SMILING, JACK!
OF COURSE NOT! YOU'RE TICK DRACY! I COULD TELL AS SOON AS YOU TURNED SIDEWAYS! BESIDES...YOU'RE NOT WEARING A MOUSTACHE AND GOGGLES...
I WAS ONCE A MODEL FOR CASTRO CONVERTABLE SOFAS.
THIS IS FOR SLASHING MY WIFE LAST NIGHT, RAISIN PUSS...
GNNNNSS...
BLAM
BAM
BAM
SAM
GEE, I FEEL LIKE A WRINKLED SLAB OF SWISS CHEESE! BUT...GASP... YOU GOT ME WRONG... GASP...DRACY! I DIDN'T SLASH YOUR...GASP... WIFE! I'VE BEEN GOIN' STRAIGHT. I'VE BEEN... DRINKING WATER SO'S I CAN TURN BACK...INTO A...GRAPE...
HE'S DEAD! I KILLED THE WRONG MAN! I WISH I COULD LOOK SORRY!
NOTE: THIS IS NOT BLOOD! NATURALLY IT'S RAISIN JUICE!
THE NEXT MORNING...
MESS! YIPE! AGAIN! YOU'VE BEEN SLASHED AGAIN! YOUR FACE... IT'S BLEEDING!
I WONDER IF HE'S GOT TEETH?!
NOTE: THIS IS NOT RAISIN JUICE! NATURALLY IT'S BLOOD!
I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS YET! I'LL FIND THE CROOK WHOSE KNIFING YOU, MESS! AND WHEN I DO...
THEY MUST FEED HIM INTRAVENOUSLY! IF HE CAN'T OPEN HIS MOUTH, HOW CAN HE EAT?
WATCH YOUR COAT!
STARS and STRIPES
AIRCRAFT-CARRIER-NOGGIN IS IN TOWN! THAT'S WHO'S DOING IT. SEE YOU LATER!
NO WONDER HE DOESN'T SMOKE OR DRINK! HE'S GOT LOCKJAW!
STARS and STRIPES
OK

LATER, AT THE HIDEOUT OF DRACY'S OLD ARCH ENEMY, AIRCRAFT-CARRIER-NOGGIN...
SO YOU'RE BACK, AIRCRAFT CARRIER NOGGIN! I...I. HE'S NOT HERE...
GLUGG GLUGG
AHOY PULOY
BOAT BASIN
PRETTY CLEVER, HIDING IN THE TUB LIKE THAT!
TICK DRACY!
THIS IS THE SHIP'S HEAD!
GOOD SHIP LOLLYPOP
BASIN
THAT'S RIGHT! AND I'VE COME TO KILL YOU...
LOOK, DRACY! I'M BUSY. WHY DON'T YOU GO FIND THE MONA LISA AND YOU TWO CAN SMIRK AT EACH OTHER!
THIS IS FOR CUTTING UP MY WIFE THESE PAST TWO NIGHTS, AIRCRAFT-CARRIER-NOGGIN.
GNNNNGG...
SPLAT
*"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP!"
ABANDON SHIP! I'M SINKING FAST!
THAT SOLVES THAT!
YOU GOT ME... GLUGG... WRONG... DRACY... GLUGG. I DIDN'T... GLUGG... CUT UP YOUR WIFE! I'VE BEEN GOING STRAIGHT! I... GASP.. I'VE BEEN COOPERATING WITH THE U.S. NAVY.. GASP.. THEY'RE DEVELOPING A MIDGET GUIDED MISSILE I COULD... GASP.. LAUNCH! GLUGG... GLUGG...
HE'S DEAD! I KILLED THE WRONG MAN AND I'VE HAMPERED THE DEFENSE EFFORT. I MAY NOT LOOK SAD, BUT...!
THE NEXT MORNING...
MESS! AGAIN YOUR FACE HAS BEEN SLIT OPEN BY A LETHAL BLADE! AGAIN IT IS DRIPPING GORE!
SEE? HE EVEN SLEEPS WITH THAT HAT!
SAND
I COULD LEARN TO LIVE WITH IT! ALL RIGHT... SO HE SLEEPS WITH A HAT! BUT WHY BLACK PAJAMAS?
THEY'RE EASY TO DRAW!
SHIVERY IS IN TOWN! HE'S THE ONE WHO'S SLITTING YOU OPEN, MESS! I'LL SEE YOU LATER!
DON'T FORGET YOUR TRANSPARENT STEEL BULLET-PROOF SUNGLASSES AND YOUR ATOMIC CANNON PEN AND PENCIL SET
LUCKY 7 CONTEST
5


LATER, AT THE HIDEOUT OF DRACY'S OLD ARCH ENEMY, SHIVERY. . .
SO YOU'RE BACK, SHIVERY! I...I HE'S NOT HERE...
B-R-R-R-R-R..
PRETTY CLEVER OF YOU HIDING IN THERE, SHIVERY!
I-I-I-IT'S ALWAYS W-W-W-WINTER IN Y-Y-YOUR R-R-REFRIGERATOR! W-WELL, W-WELL! F-TICK D-DRACY.
THAT'S RIGHT, SHIVERY! AND I'VE COME TO KILL YOU!
G-GO AWAY, D-DRACY! I'M B-BUSY! ISN'T THERE A F-F-FUNERAL YOU COULD ATTEND?
YOUR EYES ARE O-K-. THIS REFRIGERATOR WAS BUILT CINAPASCOPE
THIS IS FOR SLITTING OPEN MY WIFE'S FACE THESE PAST THREE NIGHTS, SHIVERY...
G-G-GNNNG..
B-WHICH MEANS, BETTER GIVE UP THE SHIP!
T-TOO B-BAD Y-YOU D-DIDN'T M-MAKE M-ME SWALLOW P-P-PEBBLES, D-DRACY. YOU COULD H-HEAR MY D-D-DEATH R-RATTLE!
THAT SOLVES THAT!
YOU G-GOT M-ME W-WRONG, D-DRACY... G-GASP I D-D-DIDN'T DO IT! I'VE BEEN G-GOING STRAIGHT, I G-GOT A JOB... AS A... R-RIVETER...
AGAIN I'VE HAMPERED THE DEFENSE EFFORT! HOW MUCH HUMILIATION CAN A MAN TAKE?!
EXIT
THE NEXT MORNING...
OH, NO! AGAIN...!
JUST CALL ME SCARFACE!
THIS IS THE LAST STRAW! THERE ARE NO MORE ARCH ENEMIES OF MINE TO KILL. IT MUST BE ONE OF MY ARCH FRIENDS!
HEY, DRACY! I'VE BEEN READING MY "CRIMINAL COMBATTER'S SCRAPBOOK," AND...
IT MUST BE P.U. POTRZEBIE AND HIS WIFE, FERSH-LUGGINER FANNY... ALIAS SANDY SELMA. I'LL SEE YOU LATER.
DON'T FORGET YOUR CHLOROPHYL NOSTRIL PELLETS...
6

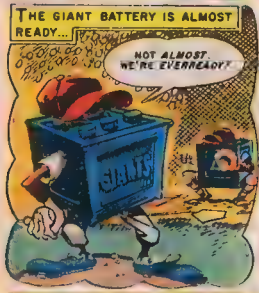

LATER, AT P.U. POTRZEBIE'S COTTAGE...
SO YOU'RE BACK, P.U. POTRZEBIE AND FERSH-LUGGINER FANNY... ALIAS SANDY SELMA!
WE NEVER WENT NOWHERE!
AH! AND YOU'RE HERE, TOO, TONIC SPARKHEART...
JUST DROPPED IN FOR A SNIFF, DRACY...
WELL, ONE OF YOU HAS BEEN SLASHING MY WIFE'S FACE THESE LAST FOUR NIGHTS! WHICH ONE OF YOU IS IT?
SEARCH ME!
WHAT A DISGUSTING THOUGHT!
YOU MEAN SOMEBODY'S BEEN KNIFING YOUR WIFE EACH NIGHT, DRACY?
YES, MA'AM!
SHE REFUSES TO USE 'PONDS'
AND YOU THINK IT'S ONE OF US?
JUST WANT TO GET THE FACTS, MA'AM!
YOU GOT THAT THREE-WAY WRIST-RADIO-T.V.-PHONO COMBINATION ON AGAIN? SOUNDS LIKE JOE FRIDAY!
NEVER MIND! THIS IS REAL POLICE WORK!
MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE...
NOBODY WANTS TO TALK, EH? OKAY! THEN I'LL HAVE TO KILL ALL THREE OF YOU!
DRACY! DRACY! DON'T...
*GNNNG! GNNNG! GNNNG!
BAM
BAM
BAM
BLAM
* LIBERTY EQUALITY FRATERNITY
DRACY, DON'T DO IT! I... I... I... OH! I'M TOO LATE!
HELLO, JUNYOR! WELL, THAT SOLVES THAT!

SOLVES WHAT?
...SOLVES THE CASE OF WHO'S BEEN SLASHING UP MY WIFE'S FACE!
BUT I'VE BEEN READING MY "CRIMINAL COMBATTER'S SCRAPBOOK" AND I'VE STUDIED ALL THE CLUES AND..
GOOD! GOOD! THAT'S THE WAY! STUDY! WORK HARD! AND YOU'LL GROW UP TO BE A SUCCESSFUL CRIMINAL COMBATTER LIKE ME!
. AND I KNOW WHO'S BEEN SLASHING MESS'S MESSY FACE!
YOU ..KNOW!? WHO!?
NO LONGER AT THE ADORE'S
YOU HAVE! ME?!
AT LAST! YOU FORTUNATE READERS CAN NOW SEE THE FRONT VIEW OF TICK DRACY
YOU KISS MESS "GOOD-NIGHT" EVERY EVENING, DON'T YOU?
YES, BUT..
SEE?! THERE! THAT'S THE ANSWER!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
YOU'VE BEEN SLASHING YOUR WIFE'S FACE EVERY TIME YOU KISS HER "GOODNIGHT"..
NOTE: TO PARENT TEACHERS ASSOC., IT'S O.K. FOR JUNYOR TO SMOKE. HE'S OVER 21.
. WITH THAT RAZOR-SHARP POINTY NOSE OF YOURS!
THE END

PANIC'S DICTIONARY OF SPORTS DEPT. (LITERAL TRANSLATIONS DIVISION): DID YOU EVER STOP TO CONSIDER ALL OF THE *SCREWY IDIOMS* THAT HAVE COME INTO OUR LANGUAGE AND ARE NOW *ACCEPTED* AS *ACCURATE DESCRIPTIONS* OF WHAT'S GOING ON AT THE BALLPARK OR STADIUM OR ARENA? CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT THESE IDIOMS WOULD *MEAN* TO SOMEONE WHO *NEVER SAW* A BASEBALL GAME OR A FOOTBALL GAME OR A GOLF MATCH? THEN PRETEND, IF YOU CAN, THAT *THIS IS TRUE*... THAT *YOU* DON'T KNOW FROM BEANS ABOUT SPORTS! REACH DOWN AND TURN ON YOUR RADIO... SIT BACK AND CLOSE YOUR EYES... AND LET'S TAKE A LITERAL LOOK AT:

BASEBALL JARGON

GOOD AFTERNOON, SPORTS FANS. HERE WE ARE AT *FERSHLUGINER PARK* FOR ANOTHER EXCITING AFTERNOON OF *BASEBALL*. IT'S ALMOST GAME TIME... AND...



YOGI IS FIRST MAN UP. HE GOES TO THE WOODPILE...TO...
FIVE, SIX, PICK UP STICKS...
...CHOOSE HIS FAVORITE LOUISVILLE SLUGGER...
CH-CHA CUT-CHA PK-KEN HANDLE OFF, AW!
OUCH!
...AND STEPS INTO THE BATTER'S BOX...
OOPS!
HE SWINGS AT THE FIRST PITCH, AND IT'S A FOUL BALL...
PHEW!
...WHICH INDICATES THAT YOGI HAS HIS EYE ON IT...
SOME EYE CATCHER!
THE PITCHER WINDS UP...
...AND DELIVERS A SCREWBALL...
SIGN HERE PLEASE
YOGI HAS TWO STRIKES ON HIM NOW.
UN-
FAIR
HE HITS THE NEXT PITCH DOWN TO THE HOT CORNER
HADES GUYS HIT HOT BALLS
AIM OF THE GAME
2

YOGI IS SAFE AT FIRST. NOW THE INDIAN MANAGER SIGNALS TO HIS BULL PEN TO START SHOWING SOME ACTIVITY...
HELP!
I'M A BULL DOZER!
THIS PEN IS FULL OF BULL!
PEE-WEE STROLLS TO THE PLATE. HE HAS A PECULIAR STANCE... KEEPS HIS FOOT IN THE BUCKET...
I LIKES TA BUCK IT.
PEE-WEE HITS A HIGH POP-UP...
NICE
HEY, POP! COME DOWN! MAW WANTS YA!
THERE'S ONE OUT AND A MAN ON FIRST AND DUKE IS UP. HE BUNTS ONE AND YOGI IS SACRIFICED...
THE INDIAN MANAGER WALKS OUT TO THE PITCHER'S MOUND...
YOU GAWK!!! GET IN THERE!
HE AND THE PITCHER CONFER. THE PITCHER ANGRILY KICKS THE RUBBER...
HMM!!
YOU RUBBER ME THE WRONG WAY!
YEP! HE'S MAD, FOLKS! THEY'RE YANKING HIM...
AND THEY'RE THEY GUYS!
THE NEW GIANT PITCHER IS A SOUTHPAW, FOLKS. HE GOES TO THE ROSIN BAG...
PANT PANT
COME 'ERE, ROSIN, YOU LITTLE OL' BAG!
MEANWHILE, YOGI STEALS THIRD... AND GOES ON HOME...
GOIN' HOME
HEY, COME BACK WITH THAT!
3

THERE'S TWO OUT AND THE INDIANS LEAD BY ONE. THE NEXT BATTER COMES UP. HERE'S THE PITCH AND... OOOH! HE'S *BEANED!*

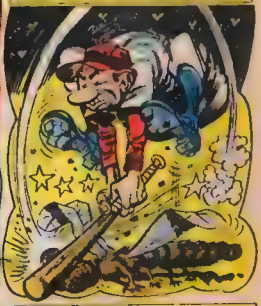
THE INDIAN MANAGER STORMS OUT ONTO THE FIELD AND IT LOOKS LIKE THERE'S GOING TO BE A LITTLE *RHUBARB...*

BUT THE UMPIRE QUICKLY COOLS THINGS OFF. THE BEANED PLAYER TAKES FIRST AND A *PINCH-HITTER* LOOSENS UP...

BUT THE GIANT PITCHER TIGHTENS UP AND *FANS* HIM...

...AND THE SIDE IS *RETIRED...*

NOW THE GIANTS COME TO BAT. THE FIRST MAN UP HITS A *LONG FLY...*



THE CENTERFIELDER *DIGS* FOR IT...

BUT HE CAN'T GET IT. IT'S... IT'S... MAN, OH, MAN... IT'S OVER THE FENCE. HE'S MADE A *HOME RUN...*

WELL, FOLKS! THE GIANTS HAVE *TIED THE SCORE...*

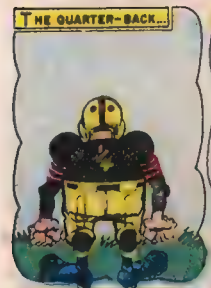
ALL RIGHT! SWITCH STATIONS. HOW ABOUT *THIS* SPORT? LET YOUR *IMAGINATION WANDER* AS YOU LISTEN TO THE NOMENCLATURE USED TO DESCRIBE AN EXCITING...

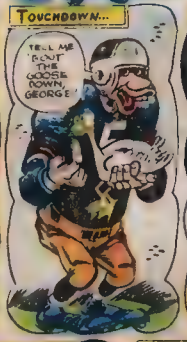
GOLF MATCH!

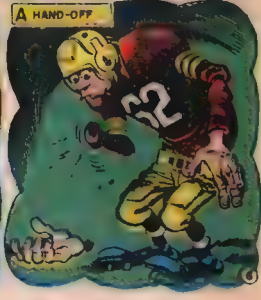
HERE WE ARE AT POTRZEBIE COUNTRY CLUB IN THE *FOURTH ROUND* OF THE *ANNUAL WEEK-END DUFFERS' NATIONAL OPEN GOLF TOURNEY...*
...AND SLAMMING SAMMY DIVOT IS *APPROACHING* THE FIFTH TEE...
WITH *LEMON* AGAIN?
YOU SHOULD *KNOW* BY NOW...
HE CALLS FOR HIS *CADDY*...
...AND PULLS OUT HIS *DRIVER*...
THEN, HE SHAKES HIS HEAD, GOES BACK TO HIS *GOLF BAG*, TAKES AN *IRON*...
YOU FOOL! THAT'S DA IRON!
...RETURNS IT, AND FINALLY DECIDES ON A *PUTTER*...
INCIDENTALLY, SLAMMING SAMMY GOT A *BIRDIE* ON THE FIRST HOLE...
CHEEP!
...AN *EAGLE* ON THE SECOND...
CAW!
...AND A *BOGIE* ON THE THIRD...
A BOGIE MAN!
ALL RIGHT, LOOEY... DROP THAT MASHIE... NNNNNNNNNG!
HE *BLASTED OUT OF A TRAP* ON THE FOURTH...
BOOM!
...AND GOT A *PAR* ON THAT HOLE...
DADDY...SOB...DADDY!
OH MY PAR, THAT
SOMEBODY GET THAT KID OUTTA HERE...

HAD *ENOUGH?* SWITCH TO *ANOTHER* STATION, WHY DON'TCHYA? *WHAT* COMES INTO YOUR MIND WHEN YOU HEAR THESE..

FOOTBALL TERMS!







AMERICA'S NATIONAL *INDOOR* SPORT HAS SOME INTERESTING SAMPLES OF THIS KIND OF NONSENSE. SWITCH, NOW, TO..

BASKETBALL!

Once again, in the interest of accurate journalistic reporting, and because this kind of nonsense gives us a big yak, Panic magazine presents another example of the kind of column gracing the pages of your daily newspapers these days. This particular bit is supposed to be a guide to your daily behavior, guaranteed dependable because it's based on the relationship and juxtaposition of the planets and the stars (whatever that means). It's usually called something like...

THE STARS AND YOU AND WHAT YOU SHOULD DO

YOUR INDIVIDUAL HORRORSCOPE

BY SWAMI RIVER

JUNE 22 TO JULY 23 (Cancer) Today is a red letter day if you are born under the sign of cancer. If you get a red letter, return it unopened. It's probably from a communist-front organization.

JULY 24 TO AUGUST 22 (Leo) Those born under the sign of the lion would do best by staying in bed today, just lion around. Avoid telling untruths. You will be caught lion.

AUGUST 23 TO SEPT. 23 (Virgo) Today's vibrations for Virgo people indicate a strong danger in travel. If somebody in a convertible Cadillac whistles at you, don't accept his/her invitation for a ride. In fact if *any* stranger offers you some form of travel, refuse. Neh Virgo with strangers.

SEPT. 24 TO OCT. 23 (Libra) Stay away from intoxicating beverages if you are born under this sign. That is unless you live in Havana. Then you are a Cuba Libra.

OCT. 24 TO NOV. 22 (Scorpio) If you think I can think of a gag with *this* fershlugginer sign, you got rocks in your head. Take two aspirins and lie down. Shy away from rocks in the head. Get up when you feel boulder.

NOV. 23 TO DEC. 22 (Sagitarius) Try not to make mountains out of molehills today. It's time for a change. You'll do better making molehills out of mountains.

DEC. 23 TO JAN. 21 (Capricorn) Avoid arguments today if you are a Capricorn-husband. You will lose. Come to think of it, you'll lose if you're an *any-sign*-husband. Let's face it!

JAN. 22 TO FEB. 20 (Aquarium) Give tanks today if you stay out of hot water.

FEB. 21 TO MARCH 20 (Pisces) Take hold of yourself today. Don't go to Pisces.

MARCH 21 TO APRIL 20 (Aries) Don't talk too much today... especially if the temperature is over 80. It'll just be a lot of hot Aries. (So they're getting worse. So nobody's forcing you.)

APRIL 21 TO MAY 20 (Taurus) Today is a good day to fix things, like when Junior slipped climbing over the backyard fence and Taurus pants.

MAY 21 TO JUNE 21 (Gemini) Don't be intolerant of bad puns. Gemini crickets, it's tough to be funny.

JUNE 22 to JULY 23 (Cancer) This is a red letter... ooops I did this one already.

IF YOU WERE BORN TODAY: You are an amazing child to be able to read this column when you're not even one day old.

TODAY IS THE BIRTHDAY OF: My mother-in-law, a bad day in my life.

TODAY'S THOUGHT: Hmmmmmm, let's see...

NOW...IF YOU JOIN...YOU GET THE BULLETIN...FREE!

YES, FANS... YOU, TOO, CAN BE LUCKY LIKE MELVIN, HERE! YOU, TOO, CAN COMPLETE YOUR COLLECTION OF E.C.'S! YOU, TOO, CAN JOIN THE

E. C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB

AND RECEIVE YOUR *MEMBERSHIP KIT* (WHICH INCLUDES A FULL-COLOR 7½X10½ ILLUMINATED *CERTIFICATE*, A STURDY WALLET *IDENTIFICATION CARD*, A SNAZZY EMBROIDERED *SHOULDER PATCH*, AND A STUNNING ANTIQUE BRONZE-FINISH BAS-RELIEF *PIN*)... PLUS A *FREE SUBSCRIPTION* TO THE *E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB BULLETIN!*

* * * * * * * * * *

FOR AN *INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP*, WHICH INCLUDES *KIT AND FREE SUBSCRIPTION*, FILL OUT THE COUPON AND SEND IT IN, TOGETHER WITH 50¢*. IF *FIVE* OR *MORE* OF YOU WANT TO JOIN AS AN *AUTHORIZED CHAPTER*, ENCLOSE *EACH MEMBER'S* NAME AND ADDRESS ALONG WITH 50¢ FOR *EACH NAME* AND INDICATE THE *NAME* OF THE *ELECTED CHAPTER PRESIDENT*. WE WILL NOTIFY *EACH PRESIDENT* OF HIS *CHAPTER NUMBER*. EACH *MEMBER*, CHAPTER OR INDIVIDUAL, WILL RECEIVE HIS KIT *DIRECTLY*... PLUS *EACH ISSUE* OF THE *BULLETIN* AS IT COMES OFF THE PRESS.

* (SO WHO'S GONNA FOOT THE *BILL* FOR THE *BULLETINS*, *US*!? SURE WE HAD TO *RAISE THE PRICE*! SO *SUE US*!)

THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK, 12, N.Y.

So here's my 50¢! So I could've joined for half the price a couple of months back* So now I get a bulletin subscription. So who says I want it. So I'm a sucker. So put me down and send me the stuff what the kid's wearing and the bulletin I don't want but I'm paying for...

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZONE NO. _____

* (NO 25¢ MEMBERSHIP WILL BE ACCEPTED AFTER JUNE 1, 1954)

PAN-MAIL

Dear Monkies,

(I call you monkies because all satirists, in order to be satirists, must detach themselves from the human race.)

Because I enjoy satire (and hate the human race), I have been reading Mad for quite some time, obtaining fiendish delight from it. So, I was delighted when *Panic* came on the stands. Your first issue was very good. Your second issue did not hold up to the standards of the first, although I did think it was better than the sixth issue of *Mad*, which, in turn, was somewhat better than the third issue of *Mad*, which was not nearly as good as the first issue of *Panic*. I hope you find someone who will disagree with me so you can put both of our views together, show that they cancel out, and then go on printing exactly what you darn please

Melvyn (believe it or not) Millman
Long Island City, N Y

. . *Panic* keeps me out of trouble because I'm usually too weak from laughing at it to do anything else for days after

Bill States
Oakland, Calif

. I have just finished reading your third issue of *Panic* and it is the craziest little mixed-up magazine I ever. Just one thing. What in the world does that fershlugginer word "lampoon" mean?

Ronnie Russell
Stokton, Calif

That fershlugginer word "lampoon" means "potrzebie," Ronnie!—ed

. . . *Panic* is the second best funny book I ever read (*Mad* is first.)

Gary Phillips
Yuba City, Calif

I think that *Panic* is better than *Mad*. I especially enjoy your lampoon of "Li'l Abner." I like your lampoons of comic strips and I hope you keep putting them in *Panic*

Bruce N Duncan
Oakland, Calif

. . I really got a bang out of *Panic* No. 3, especially "Mother Goon's Nertzery Rhymes." Congrats to Joe Orlando. I also got a big kick out of the lampoon of the Sat Eve Post on the cover

Dale Chilsen
Velva, N D

. . . I like your *Panic*, but I still think *Mad*.

Albert Gutierroz
Brawley, Calif

After reading *Panic* No. 3, I completely flipped.

Jimmy Wingrove
State Mental Inst
Phoenix, Arizona

For the last time, how about making *Panic* a monthly just like *Mad*? Your No. 3 issue was tops! In fact, it was the most, to say the least. By the way, I think it was a great idea to lampoon the covers of well known slick mags. Keep up the insane work

Stan Grossman
Detroit, Michigan

The new cover ideas on *Mad* and *Panic* are the neatest, the doggonest covers on the stands. Keep them up and you'll be lucky if your competition doesn't try to imitate them too

Keith Nutt
Midland, Texas

I hate *Panic*. It's sickening, unbelievable and vulgar. When are you putting out the next issue?

Billy Marshall
Texarkana, Texas

When I got issue No. 1 of *Panic*, I didn't think it was any good. But since then, *Panic* has gotten better and better with each issue. When I got No. 3 and saw the cover, I went right out and flew a kite

Dan Shapiro
Long Island City, N Y

. I've just read your third issue and I think it's the greatest yet. I buy every mag E.C. puts out, but for my money, *Panic* is the best you've come up with. I really got a kick out of "Li'l Melvin."

Billy Seidenstein
Brooklyn, N. Y

That "Li'l Melvin, A Threat to America" censorship satire was a real gem. You boys are way out in front of your competitors in satire with *Panic* and its big brother, *Mad*

Helen Jenkins
St. Louis, Mo

I think *Panic* is tops, real george, cool, crazy, mixed-up and, in other words, "wonderful." It's "just what the doctor ordered."

Frank Korotny
Allen Park, Mich.

So if you're a Doctor and you want to order Panic *via the mail, subscription style, info and order blank are on the inside front cover. If you want to send mail, fan or pan style, the address is:*

PANICKY EDITORS
ROOM 706, DEPT 5
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NYC 12, NY

T. V. COMMERCIALS DEPT. (HAMMER AWAY AT THE HELPLESS HOME-VIEWER AND MAYBE HE'LL BUY IN SELF-DEFENSE! DEPT.): LET'S FACE IT, FRIENDS! IF IT WEREN'T FOR THOSE SICKENING COMMERCIALS THEY THROW AT US EVERY CHANCE THE F.C.C. GIVES 'EM, T.V. STATIONS COULDN'T AFFORD TO OPERATE... WE'D BE FORCED TO REVERT TO THE PRIMITIVE ART OF CONVERSATION WITH OUR FAMILY UNTIL BEDTIME ... AND WHO WANTS THAT!? SO JUST STEEL YOURSELF... GRIT YOUR TEETH... AND SUFFER THROUGH THESE...

SPOTS BEFORE YOUR EYES!

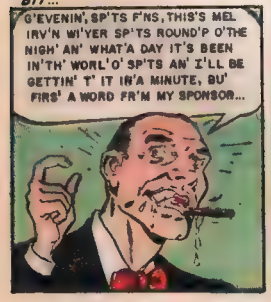
NO. 1.—THE LATE EVENING SPORTSCASTER: THIS POOR IDIOT HAS FIVE SHORT BREATHLESS MINUTES IN WHICH TO GIVE YOU THE FINAL RESULTS OF ALL THE GAMES PLAYED THAT DAY THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY... PLUS A CONVINCING COMMERCIAL ON WHY YOU SHOULD DRINK SOME BEER. WHEN HE GOES ON THE AIR, AN OXYGEN TENT IS WAITING BECAUSE HE'S GOT TO TALK SO FAST, HE COLLAPSES AFTER EACH PERFORMANCE. HOLD IT! TAKE A DEEP BREATH! HERE HE COMES NOW...

BUT FIRST, JUST TO GET YOU INTO THE MOOD, THEY FLASH YOU SOME SHORT EXCITING SPORT PICTURES ... LIKE A MONTAGE OF A HIGH-DIVER JACK-KNIFING INTO THE FINISHING LINE OF A SOAP-BOX DERBY...

...OR A CHAMPION POLE-VAULTER SAILING GRACEFULLY OVER A SCRABBLE TOURNAMENT...

...OR A BASEBALL PLAYER SLIDING INTO SECOND BASE WHICH HAPPENS TO BE A BELL-BUOY MARKER FOR A SPEED-BOAT RACE...

AND THEN HE'S THERE... FLUSHED AND READY TO GO... PERSPIRING IN ANTICIPATION... CHAFING AT THE BIT... WHICH IS BETTER THAN WHAT YOU'RE DOING OVER THIS BIT...


G'EVENIN', SP'TS F'NS, THIS'S MEL IRV'N WI'YER SP'TS ROUND'P O'THE NIGH' AN' WHAT'A DAY IT'S BEEN IN'TH' WORL'O' SP'TS AN' I'LL BE GETTIN' T' IT IN'A MINUTE, BU' FIRS' A WORD FR'M MY SPONSOR...

THIS HE PRONOUNCES NICE AND SLOW AND CLEAR...

... THE... MAKERS... OF ... SPIEL'S BEER! YES, SPORTS FANS... WHETHER YOU ARE AT YOUR LOCAL TAVERN OR AT HOME... MAKE SURE YOU ARE DRINKING SPIEL'S. SPIEL'S IS WET... AS A BEER SHOULD BE!

SPIEL'S HAS MORE U.D.S.... MORE UN-DISSOLVED SUGAR! LOOK... HERE'S HOW MUCH SUGAR AN IMPARTIAL RESEARCH LABORATORY, ENDOWED BY POTRZEBIE SPIEL, FOUND IN A QUART OF ORDINARY BEER. ONLY THIS MUCH... THIS TEENSY-WEENSY IDDY BIT...

Jack Orlando

AND HERE'S HOW MUCH UN-DISSOLVED SUGAR POTRZEBIE SPIEL JR., CHIEF RESEARCH CHEMIST OF THIS VERY SAME INDEPENDENT LABORATORY, FOUND IN A QUART OF SPIEL'S. THIS MUCH! OKAY, BOYS... BRING IT OUT. . .
THAT'S IT. SHOW 'EM. . .
KEEP BRINGING IT OUT
OKAY?
ALL RIGHT?
ALL RIGHT, ALREADY!
P-TOOEEY! STOP ALREADY!
THIS MUCH!
AND NOW FOR YER LA' EVEN'N ROUND'P IN THE WORL' O' SP'TS...
THERE WERE NO GAMES PLAYED T'DAY! IT RAINED! G'NIGHT, FOLKS!

NO. 2.—THE WEATHERMAN: THIS POOR SHNOOK'S PROBLEM IS EXACTLY THE OPPOSITE OF THE LATE EVENING SPORTCASTER'S. HE'S GOT FIVE LONG MINUTES TO FILL UP WITH A WEATHER REPORT THAT COULD BE GIVEN IN TWENTY SECONDS. HE'S GOT AN EIGHT FOOT MAP OF THE UNITED STATES, AND AN EASEL FOR THIS PURPOSE. HE STANDS THERE WITH A POINTER AND A BLACK CRAYON, GRINNING INANELY WHILE THE THEME SONG, "STORMY WEATHER", IS PLAYED AND A HOARSE-VOICED ANNOUNCER (HE HAS A COLD BECAUSE HE FOLLOWED THIS GUY'S FORECAST!) INTRODUCES HIM LIKE SO...

NOW, HERE HE IS, FOLKS, YOUR HA-A-A-CHOO... 'SCUSE ME... YOUR DAILY WEATHER FORE-CASTER, JOHN ISOBAR..

EVEN'N, FOLKS! HEH, HEH! GUESS WE WERE A LITTLE WRONG ABOUT THE WEATHER FOR TODAY! WE PRE-DICTED SLEET AND SNOW AND FREEZING TEMPERATURES THROUGHOUT MOST OF THE COUNTRY..

...EXCEPT FOR THE SOUTHEAST AND MORE SPECIFICALLY, FLORIDA! WELL... HEH, HEH.. AS YOU KNOW, IT WAS FAIR AND WARM THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY. LITTLE MISCALCU-LATION, I GUESS..

SO, TONIGHT, WE'VE GOT A NEW SPONSOR? YEP, THE MIAMI CHAMBER OF COMMERCE DOESN'T SPONSOR "YOUR DAILY WEATHER FORECASTER" ANY MORE. YOU'LL HEAR ABOUT OUR NEW SPONSOR IN A LITTLE WHILE. FIRST, THE WEATHER...

LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT OUR MAP! THIS LINE REPRESENTS A NEW COLD FRONT PUSHING DOWN FROM CANADA AND CROSSING THIS OLD WARM FRONT BLOWING WEST FROM THE ROCKIES. THE PROB-LEM IS THIS HIGH-PRESSURE AREA IN MONTANA... REPRESENTED BY THIS CIRCLE..

IF THE WARM FRONT MOVES FURTHER EAST, LIKE SO, AND THE COLD FRONT CONTINUES PUSHING SOUTH, LIKE SO, AND A LOW PRES-SURE AREA, INDICATED BY THIS 'X', FORMS HERE... IN GEORGIA...

...AND I GO HERE... AND I GO HERE! THEN I GO HERE! AND I LOSE THE TIC-TAC-TOE!

AND NOW FOR THE FORECAST! AN OCCLUDED FRONT CARRYING 1083 MILLIBARS OF PRECIPITATION IS MOVING RAPIDLY IN ON A BARO-METRIC ISOBAR HANGING OVER A MILK-BAR IN THE CASBAH. IF THIS HAPPENS, THE WARM FRONT WILL BRING THE RELATIVE HUMILITY DOWN TO ARTHUR GODFREY'S FARM IN VIRGINIA AND THREATEN HIS HERD OF CADILLACS...
OUT IN CALIFORNIA, IF CLAUDE RAINS AND SHELLEY WINTERS, THE RESULTS WILL BE SNOW AND SLEET. IF THE HOT AIR BLOWING IN FROM WASHINGTON STOPS, THERE'LL BE SHIVERS IN TEXAS...BURNS IN CAROLINA, AND IT'LL BE DEWY IN NEW YORK.
THE FORECAST THEREFORE IS OBVIOUS! IT'S GOING TO RAIN TOMORROW! IT'S GOING TO RAIN HERE... AND HERE... AND... WHY, IT'S GOING TO RAIN ALL OVER THE COUNTRY! HEAVY RAIN! DRENCHING RAIN! SO GET OUT YOUR RUBBERS AND YOUR RAIN-COATS, 'CAUSE ITS REALLY, NO KIDDIN', HONEST INJUN, CROSS MY CORNS, GONNA POUR...
THIS IS JOHN ISOBAR, YOUR DAILY WEA-THER FORCASTER SIGNING OFF. REMEM-BER, IT'S GOING TO RAIN!
AND NOW I'LL TURN YOU BACK TO OUR SNIFFLING ANNOUNCER. G'NIGHT!
THANKS, JOHN, AND GOOD-NIGHT TO YOU, AND BEFORE I SAY GOOD-NIGHT TO ALL YOU UNHAPPY FOLKS OUT THERE, A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR!
IT'S GONNA POUR CATS AND DOGS! I'm TELLIN' YUH!
'YOUR DAILY WEATHER FORECASTER' WAS BROUGHT TO YOU TONIGHT BY THE CHAMBERLAIN PRODUCTS CORPORATION, MAKERS OF FINE UMBRELLA! G'NIGHT!

NO. 3 – THE HOME GARDENER: THIS HAPPY EAGER SLOB ADVISES YOU ON HOW TO COVER YOUR LITTLE SUBURBAN COTTAGE WITH *IVY!* HIS PROPS INCLUDE AN *OLD POOL TABLE* COVERED WITH *TOP SOIL*, AN ASSORTMENT OF *LONG-DEAD BALLED AND BURLAPPED PLANTS*, A *LEAKY HOSE* AND A COLLECTION OF *RUSTY GARDEN TOOLS*. *HIS* SICKENING SPOT GOES SOMETHING LIKE *THIS*...

FIRST THEY GIVE YOU A LONG-SHOT OF A FORMAL GARDEN THAT PROBABLY COSTS MORE TO MAINTAIN THAN YOU MAKE IN A YEAR...BACKED UP BY A MODEST $75,000 MANSION. THEN, A STUFFED-NOSE ANNOUNCER (HE SUFFERS FROM HAY-FEVER) MOCKS...

DOES *YOUR GARDEN* LOOK LIKE *THIS*, FRIENDS? IT *CAN!* WITH JUST A LITTLE *IMAGINATION* AND A LITTLE *WORK*... AND ABOUT *$17,000* WORTH OF *EVERGREENS* AND *PERENNIALS*...

AND NOW WE SEE HIM, ELBOW-DEEP IN MANURE...

...AND *HERE'S* THE MAN WHO WILL TELL YOU *HOW TO DO IT. CHARLES COMPOST, YOUR HOME GARDENER!*

HI!

I'M JUST GETTING READY TO *FEED MY ROSES*. DO *YOU* HAVE ROSES? IT'S *FEEDING TIME* FOR ROSES, YOU KNOW. IF YOU *HAVEN'T GOT* ROSES, *GET THEM!* A BUSH LIKE *THIS* WILL COST ABOUT *$5.00. FORTY* OR *FIFTY* OF THEM MAKE A *LOVELY LITTLE BED*...

HORSE MANURE IS *BEST* FOR ROSES ALTHOUGH *SOME* FRIENDS OF MINE PREFER *CHICKEN DROPPINGS*. HORSE MANURE IS *VERY REASONABLE*, BUT IT *MUST* BE *WELL-ROTTED. DON'T TRY FOLLOWING A HORSE*... IT'LL BE *FALSE SAVINGS!* A *BUSHEL* OF *WELL-ROTTED MANURE*, LIKE *THIS*, CAN BE OBTAINED FROM *ANY RELIABLE MOUNTED-POLICE STABLE* FOR ABOUT *$6.00 A BUSHEL*. A *HUNGRY* ROSE BUSH'LL *NEED* A BUSHEL. THAT'S...LET'S SEE... *FIFTY ROSE BUSHES* AT *$5.00 PER*... AND *FIFTY BUSHELS OF MANURE* AT *$6.00 PER*...

FIVE-HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS WE'VE SPENT SO FAR! *SOUNDS* LIKE A LOT, I *KNOW*, BUT THINK OF THE *ROSES* YOU'LL GET. THINK OF HOW THEY'LL *LOOK* OUT THERE IN YOUR GARDEN BEING *DEVOURED* BY *JAPANESE BEETLES*...

WHAT ABOUT YOUR *LAWN?* IT'S *FEEDING TIME* FOR *LAWNS, TOO*, YOU KNOW. IS *YOUR* LAWN *LUSH* LIKE A *CARPET*... OR IS IT *BALD* AS A *BABY'S RATTLE?* A LUSH LAWN IS *EASY* TO HAVE IF YOU'LL ONLY PUT YOUR *MIND* TO IT. *BUY GOOD GRASS SEED!* DON'T SPEND LESS THAN *$1.75* PER POUND. AN *AVERAGE BARE LAWN* REQUIRES ABOUT *FIFTY POUNDS OF SEED!* MAKE SURE YOU *SCRATCH* EACH SEED *INTO THE SOIL!* THERE ARE *TWENTY-TWO MILLION SEEDS TO THE POUND. THAT'S*...ER... A *LOT OF SCRATCH!* HEH, HEH! LITTLE *JOKE* OF MINE ..ER... UMMPH!

ONCE YOUR LUSH LAWN IS *ESTABLISHED*, IT'S TIME TO *FEED* IT. USE AN *ORGANIC FERTILIZER* FOR THIS PURPOSE, BUT MAKE *SURE* OF THE *ORGANIC CONTENT*. *LISTEN* TO A HANDFUL! IF YOU HEAR FAINT STRAINS OF *"I LOVE YOU TRULY,"* YOU'LL *KNOW* IT'S THE *REAL THING*...*PULVERIZED ORGANS*...AND NOT SOME *CHEAP SUBSTITUTE* LIKE *POWDERED PLAYER PIANOS*...

A *ONE HUNDRED POUND BAG* SHOULD BE *SUFFICIENT*. DO NOT BE *ALARMED* AT THE *$1.00 PER POUND PRICE*. IT WILL BE *WELL WORTH IT*. DON'T TRY SPREADING FERTILIZER BY *HAND* AS YOU CANNOT SCATTER IT *EVENLY* AND YOUR LAWN WILL END UP LOOKING LIKE IT'S GOT A BAD CASE OF *GREEN MEASLES!* USE A *SPREADER*, LIKE *THIS* ONE WHICH CAN BE PURCHASED IN *ANY GARDEN SUPPLY SHOP* FOR A MERE *$52.50*..

FEEDING YOUR LAWN MAKES THE *GRASS GROW* LIKE *CRAZY* AND YOU'LL HAVE TO *MOW IT* AT LEAST *THREE TIMES A WEEK*. YOU'LL NEED A *POWERED LAWN-MOWER* FOR THIS PURPOSE UNLESS YOU'D RATHER *BREAK YOUR BACK*. A *GOOD* POWERED LAWN-MOWER WILL SET YOU BACK ABOUT $150.00, BUT IT IS A *WISE INVESTMENT* AS A *SACROILIAC BACK* CAN COST YOU *MUCH MORE* IN *DOCTOR BILLS*. I BOUGHT *THIS* ONE *LAST YEAR* AND I ONLY HAD TO HAVE IT REPAIRED *FOUR TIMES* DURING THE SEASON. *$80* IN *UPKEEP* IS *CHEAP* WHEN YOU CONSIDER THE *PAINFUL ALTERNATIVE*...

WEEDS ARE A *SERIOUS* PROBLEM. THEY *MUST BE REMOVED* BEFORE THEY CAN GET A *FOOTHOLD* AND DO *SERIOUS DAMAGE* TO YOUR *GARDEN INVESTMENT*. ON *MONDAYS*, *AFTER WORK*, WEED YOUR *LAWN!* ON *TUESDAYS*, WEED YOUR *ANNUAL BED!* ON *WEDNESDAYS*, WEED YOUR *PERENNIAL BED!* ON *THURSDAYS*, WEED YOUR *BULB BED!* ON *FRIDAYS*, WEED YOUR *EVERGREEN BED!* *SATURDAYS*, YOU'LL BE *RECUPERATING* IN BED!

SO *GET TO WORK ON YOUR GARDEN! MAKE YOUR HOME BEAUTIFUL!* IT'S *FUN*...WHEN YOU CAN *AFFORD* A *GARDENER!*

NOW A WORD FROM MY *SPONSOR!*

THANK YOU, MR. COMPOST. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, *YOUR HOME GARDENER* IS *BROUGHT* TO YOU BY THE *CHUCKIT REAL ESTATE COMPANY*...WHOSE *MOTTO* IS..."*LET US HELP YOU SELL YOUR SUBURBAN HEADACHE AND FIND YOU A NICE COMFORTABLE APARTMENT!*"

G'NIGHT!

HOLLYWOOD MOVIES DEPT. (BEAT THOSE BOX-OFFICE BLUES WITH A CINEMERAMASCOPE VA-VA-VA-VOOM SPECTACLE! DIVISION): BECAUSE YOUR EDITORS ARE INTENSELY INTERESTED IN ALL ENTERTAINMENT FORMS ('SPECIALLY FEMALE'), WE FORCED OURSELVES TO VISIT A LOCAL THEATER EXHIBITING ONE OF THOSE WIDE-WIDE SCREEN, THIN THIN PLOT PRODUCTIONS NOW PROMISING TO REVITALIZE THE DYING FILM INDUSTRY. THIS LATEST "WE'RE DESPERATE AND WE'LL TRY ANYTHING TO MAKE MONEY!" EPIC WENT SOMETHING LIKE THIS...

FIRST: THE TITLE:

20TH SENSUOUS WOLF PRESENTS

YOU TOO CAN HOOK A ZILLIONAIRE!

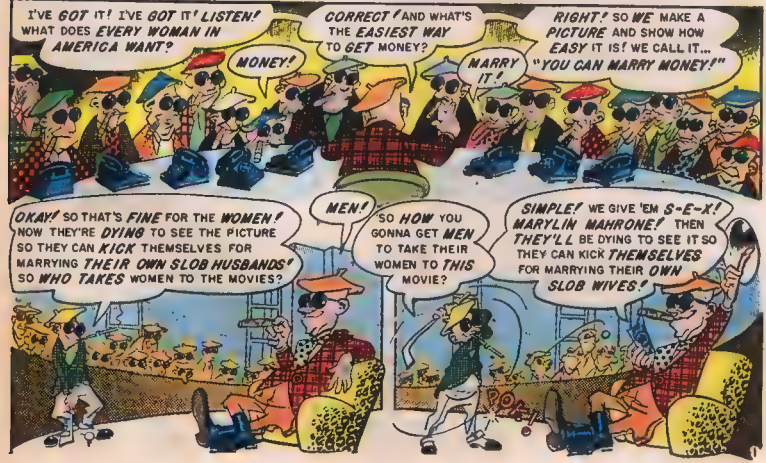
--IF YOU LOOK LIKE --

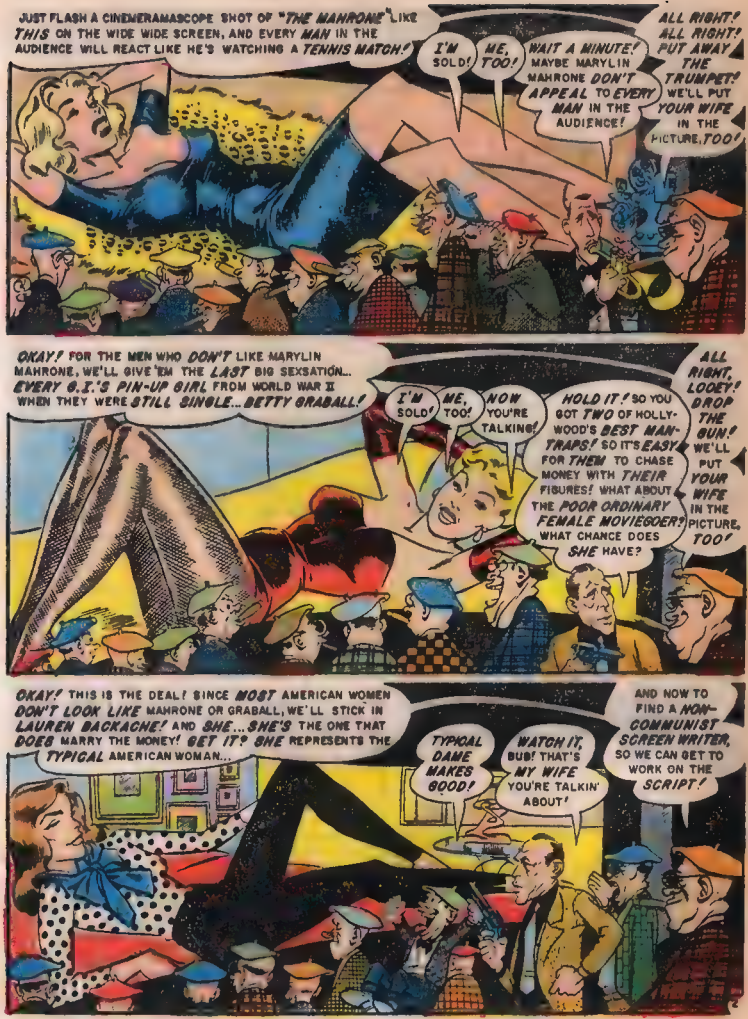
MARYLIN MAHRONE - BETTY GRABALL - LAUREN BACKACHE

in GORGEOUS SEXNICOLOR with PHONEYPHONIC SOUND

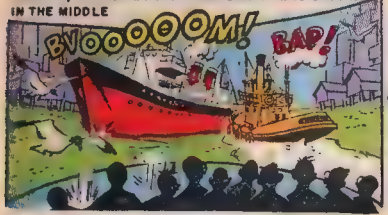
WOOD

AS THE CREDITS WERE BEING FLASHED ON THE SCREEN, WE COULD PICTURE WHAT WENT ON IN HOLLYWOOD WHEN THIS MASTERPIECE WAS FIRST CONCEIVED! CAN'T YOU JUST SEE THOSE MOVIE MAGNATES...SITTING AROUND A CINEMERAMASCOPE-SHAPED TABLE IN A LUSH PRIVATE CONFERENCE-SCREENING ROOM...

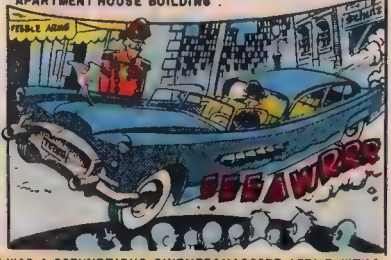

I'VE GOT IT! I'VE GOT IT! LISTEN! WHAT DOES EVERY WOMAN IN AMERICA WANT?
MONEY!
CORRECT! AND WHAT'S THE EASIEST WAY TO GET MONEY?
MARRY IT!
RIGHT! SO WE MAKE A PICTURE AND SHOW HOW EASY IT IS! WE CALL IT... "YOU CAN MARRY MONEY!"
OKAY! SO THAT'S FINE FOR THE WOMEN! NOW THEY'RE DYING TO SEE THE PICTURE SO THEY CAN KICK THEMSELVES FOR MARRYING THEIR OWN SLOB HUSBANDS! SO WHO TAKES WOMEN TO THE MOVIES?
MEN!
SO HOW YOU GONNA GET MEN TO TAKE THEIR WOMEN TO THIS MOVIE?
SIMPLE! WE GIVE 'EM S-E-X! MARYLIN MAHRONE! THEN THEY'LL BE DYING TO SEE IT SO THEY CAN KICK THEMSELVES FOR MARRYING THEIR OWN SLOB WIVES!


JUST FLASH A CINEMERAMASCOPE SHOT OF "THE MAHRONE" LIKE THIS ON THE WIDE WIDE SCREEN, AND EVERY MAN IN THE AUDIENCE WILL REACT LIKE HE'S WATCHING A TENNIS MATCH!
I'M SOLD!
ME, TOO!
WAIT A MINUTE! MAYBE MARYLIN MAHRONE DON'T APPEAL TO EVERY MAN IN THE AUDIENCE!
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! PUT AWAY THE TRUMPET! WE'LL PUT YOUR WIFE IN THE PICTURE, TOO!
OKAY! FOR THE MEN WHO DON'T LIKE MARYLIN MAHRONE, WE'LL GIVE 'EM THE LAST BIG SEXSATION... EVERY G.I.'S PIN-UP GIRL FROM WORLD WAR II WHEN THEY WERE STILL SINGLE... BETTY GRABALL!
I'M SOLD!
ME, TOO!
NOW YOU'RE TALKING!
HOLD IT! SO YOU GOT TWO OF HOLLYWOOD'S BEST MAN-TRAPS! SO IT'S EASY FOR THEM TO CHASE MONEY WITH THEIR FISURES! WHAT ABOUT THE POOR ORDINARY FEMALE MOVIEGOER? WHAT CHANCE DOES SHE HAVE?
ALL RIGHT, LOOEY! DROP THE GUN! WE'LL PUT YOUR WIFE IN THE PICTURE, TOO!
OKAY! THIS IS THE DEAL! SINCE MOST AMERICAN WOMEN DON'T LOOK LIKE MAHRONE OR GRABALL, WE'LL STICK IN LAUREN BACKACHE! AND SHE... SHE'S THE ONE THAT DOES MARRY THE MONEY! GET IT? SHE REPRESENTS THE TYPICAL AMERICAN WOMAN...
TYPICAL DAME MAKES GOOD!
WATCH IT, BUB! THAT'S MY WIFE YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT!
AND NOW TO FIND A NON-COMMUNIST SCREEN WRITER, SO WE CAN GET TO WORK ON THE SCRIPT!

THE CREDITS WERE OVER AND THE PICTURE BEGAN, SHOCKING US OUT OF OUR "CONFERENCE ROOM" REVERIE. FIRST, THEY SHOWED US A BRIEF VIEW OF THE MANHATTAN SKYLINE SHOT FROM ACROSS THE HUDSON WITH A BIG LINER "STEAMING" UPRIVER. SINCE THE SCREEN WAS CURVED, THE HORIZON LOOKED LIKE IT WAS SAGGING IN THE MIDDLE



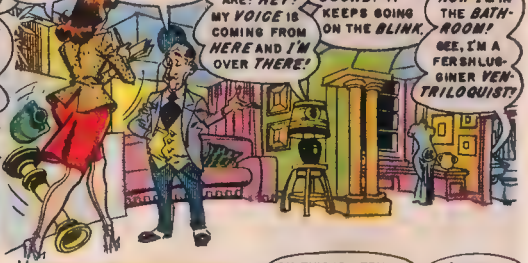
NEXT, THEY SHOWED US A BLOCK-LONG, SNAZZY-LOOKING, CHAUFFER-DRIVEN ROLLS ROYCE (ALSO SAGGING IN THE MIDDLE) PULLING UP TO A HIGH-CLASS, LUXURIOUS APARTMENT HOUSE BUILDING .



AND LAUREN BACKACHE GOT OUT, SHIMMIED INSIDE, AND ASKED FOR THE RENTING AGENT...

I UNDERSTAND YOU HAVE A MODEST LITTLE TWELVE ROOM TERRACED PENTHOUSE APARTMENT FOR RENT?
THAT'S RIGHT, HONEY. THE LAST GUY HAD TO MOVE! HE WAS A COMIC BOOK PUBLISHER, AND THERE'S A P.T.A. GROUP IN THE BUILDING!

THE APARTMENT WAS A SCRUMPTIOUS CINEMERAMASCOPE AFFAIR WITH A SEVENTY-FIVE FOOT LIVING ROOM SO IT WOULD FILL THE SCREEN. MISS BACKACHE TOOK OUT HER CHECKBOOK...


HOW MUCH?
ONE THOUSAND A MONTH!
HERE YOU ARE! HEY! MY VOICE IS COMING FROM HERE AND I'M OVER THERE!
IT'S THIS NEW STEREOGRAPHIC SOUND! IT KEEPS GOING ON THE BLINK.
NOW I'M IN THE BATHROOM! SEE, I'M A FERSHLUGGINER VENTRILOQUIST!

AFTER THE RENTING AGENT LEFT, MISS BACKACHE PICKED UP THE PHONE, DIALED A NUMBER, AND SAID..

HALF A SECOND LATER, MARYLIN MAHRONE TRIPPED INTO THE APARTMENT

WELL, ANYWAY, IT'S A NICE RUG!
LOOK! I KNOW MEN DON'T MAKE PASSES AT GIRLS THAT WEAR GLASSES, BUT WITH YOU, THEY'RE NOT LOOKING THAT HIGH! PUT 'EM ON!
OH, THIS IS VERY LOVELY! I'LL CALL BETTY GRABALL! SHE WANTS TO MARRY FOR MONEY, TOO!
S'MATTER? SHE DIDN'T LIKE MARRYING FOR MUSIC? ASK HER HOW MUCH MONEY SHE HAS! I'M HUNGRY!

HELLO, BETTY? THIS IS MARYLIN! COME ON UP AND BRING A LUNCH! HOW MUCH? WELL, DO YOUR BEST!
HOW MUCH SHE GOT?
A DIME!
HOW MUCH?
A DIME! BUT DON'T WORRY! SHE'S VERY CLEVER! SAY, HOW COME MY VOICE IS COMING FROM THE PIANO?
OH, FORGET IT!
HALF AN HOUR LATER, BETTY GRABALL ENTERED THE APARTMENT..
HI, BETTY!
DID YOU BRING THE LUNCH?
YEP! OKAY, FELLERS... IN HERE...
...ALTHOUGH, FRANKLY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'D WANT WITH IT UP HERE! DON'T YOU GOTTA HAVE WATER?
IDIOT! SHE SAID "LUNCH"! NOT "LAUNCH"!
I TOLD YOU SHE WAS CLEVER!
SORRY, BOYS! LITTLE MISTAKE! TAKE IT BACK TO THE MOTOR-BOAT SHOW!
LAUREN! WHO'S PAYING THE RENT ON THIS JOINT?
IT'S PAID! TWO GRAND! I JUST WROTE A CHECK!
A CHECK? BUT..
DON'T WORRY! IT'S SATURDAY! BY MONDAY, I'LL COVER IT! SOMETHING WILL TURN UP!
MISS BACK-ACHE? I UNDERSTAND YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO SELL!
OH, YES! HOW MUCH WILL YOU GIVE ME FOR THAT?
HMMM! NICE LINES! GOOD CONDITION! DOES SHE PLAY?
VERY WELL!
I'LL GIVE YOU TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS... CASH!
SOLD! TAKE 'ER AWAY BEFORE I CHANGE MY MIND!

EEEEEEEEK!
NOT HER, IDIOT! THE PIANO!
WHO'S AN IDIOT!? IT COULD-A BEEN A GOOD DEAL!
GEE! THAT'S THE FIRST TIME ANYBODY PICKED ME UP WHEN I WAS WEARING MY GLASSES!
THE PIANO, EH? LET'S SEE! HMMM! QUITE AN ODD PIANO! WHEN I STRIKE A NOTE, MUSIC COMES OUT OF THE SAMOVAR THERE!
AGAIN WITH THE STEREOGRAPHIC SOUND BIT! CAN IT AND TELL US HOW MUCH!
PLOP!
I'LL GIVE YOU THREE THOUSAND FOR IT!
GEE, TAKE IT! THAT'S A LOT OF MONEY FOR A PIANO!
PIANO, NOTHING! I'M BUYIN' THAT SAMOVAR! WHO EVER HEARD OF A MUSICAL SAMOVAR!?
YEAH! YOU CAN HAVE BEE-THOVEN WITH YOUR HOT BLINTZES!
IT TALKS, TOO!
AND SO, LITTLE BY LITTLE, THE FURNITURE WAS SOLD AS MARYLIN AND BETTY AND LAUREN TRIED VAINLY TO FIND ZILLIONAIRES TO MARRY...
GEE, I DIDN'T HAVE ANY LUCK, TODAY!
ME, NEITHER! I WALKED AROUND THE BOWERY ALL DAY AND NOT ONE DRUNK GAVE ME A TUMBLE!
THE BOWERY? DRUNKS? WHAT WERE YOU DOING DOWN THERE?
WELL, YOU SAID I SHOULD MAKE SURE THE GUY I MARRY IS LOADED!
AND I HUNG AROUND A SHOEMAKER'S SHOP BECAUSE I'M SUPPOSED TO FIND SOMEBODY WELL-HEELED!
IF YOU WILL NOTICE, THE TWO EXOTIC SEX PACKAGES IN THIS PICTURE PLAY REAL DUMB BLONDES, WHILE I'M THE BRAINS! THIS IS SO ALL YOU SMART BUT TYPICAL BROADS SHOULD FEEL REAL SMUG!
SPAM
ORANGES
CROOKS! THIEVES! GIME BACK MY THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS!
BAM!
WHAT'S WITH YOU?
THIS SAMOVAR HASN'T PLAYED A NOTE SINCE I BOUGHT IT! CROOKS! THIEVES!
5

BETTY, WHAT'LL WE DO? HE WANTS HIS THREE GRAND!
MAYBE HE'LL TAKE SOME-THING ELSE THAT WILL PLAY!
MEAN-ING..?
MEANING YOU, MARYLIN!
GEE, A TALKING ORANGE CRATE! ALL RIGHT! WE'LL SWAP!
CHICKEN FAT
ORANGES
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!
GOD BLESS THIS FAULTY STEREO-GRAPHIC SOUND!
WELL, HERE I AM, BETTY! AND I'VE GOT THE RING!
SOAP
RING!? WHO'S THIS CREEP, BETTY?
WE'RE GONNA BE MARRIED, AIN'T WE, BETTY?
OH, BETTY, HONEY! HOW WONDERFUL!
I COULDN'T HELP IT, GIRLS! I FELL FOR HIM! LOVE TRIUMPHED OVER MONEY! HE'S A GARBAGE MAN... BUT I DON'T CARE!
WHO'S A GARBAGE MAN!?
WOW! LOOKA THE SIZE OF THAT ROCK!
LOTKA, HONEY! YOU'RE NOT A GARBAGE MAN!?
ALL I SAID WAS, "I'M CLEANING UP ON WALL STREET!" I'M A ZILLIONAIRE!
LOTKA! DARLING!
GEE!
WELL, HERE I AM, MARYLIN! AND I'VE GOT THE LICENCE!
LICENCE!? WHO'S THIS CREEP, MARYLIN?
WE'RE GONNA GET MARRIED, AIN'T WE, MARYLIN?
I COULDN'T HELP IT, GIRLS! I FELL FOR HIM... EVEN IF HE IS A SHORT-ORDER COOK FROM DALLAS!
WHO'S A SHORT ORDER COOK?!
WOW! LOOKA THAT ROCK!

ALL I SAID WAS "I OWN A BIG TEXAS RANGE!" ABOUT THIRTY MILLION ACRES! I'M A CATTLE-BARON-ZILLIONAIRE!
SHISH-KABOB! DARLING!
GEE!
WELL, HERE I AM, LAUREN, HONEY! AND I GOT A PREACHER WAITING!
PUT ON YOUR BLACK SUIT!
LAUREN! YOU TOO!?
YOU THINK YOU'RE THE ONLY ONES WHO CAN MARRY ZILLIONAIRES? I WAS GOING TO TELL YOU, BUT... WELL... I MAKE SURE BEFORE I ACCEPT PROPOSALS! SHOW 'EM MY ROCK, HONEY!
ROCK? WHAT ROCK?
MY DIAMOND!
WHO CAN AFFORD A DIAMOND?
YOU MEAN YOU AREN'T A ZILLIONAIRE!?
ME?! I'M UNEMPLOYED!
I KNEW YOU WEREN'T WORKING... BUT I FIGURED... WELL... GEE... YOU SAID YOUR PARENTS WERE IN THE IRON AND STEEL BUSINESS!
THAT'S RIGHT! MY MOTHER IRONS... AND MY FATHER STEALS!
THIEVES! CROOKS! GI'ME BACK MY THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS! THIS ORANGE CRATE DON'T TALK AT ALL... GNNNGGG...
OH, SHUDDUP!
SEE, GIRLS! LEARN A MORAL FROM THIS HOLLYWOOD EPIC. IF YOU'RE A GORGEOUS, SEXY, DUMB BLONDE... YOU, TOO, CAN HOOK A ZILLIONAIRE!
BUT IF YOU'RE PLAIN-LOOKING AND SMART, YOU'LL GET STUCK WITH A CREEP LIKE YOU GOT NOW! SO BE HAPPY! NOT EVERYBODY CAN LOOK LIKE ME AND BETTY! KISS YOUR SLOB AND BE GLAD HE AIN'T RICH! OR ELSE HE'D'VE MARRIED STUFF LIKE US!
POW!
GOOSE GREASE
THE END

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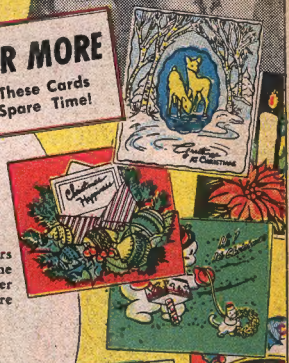

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